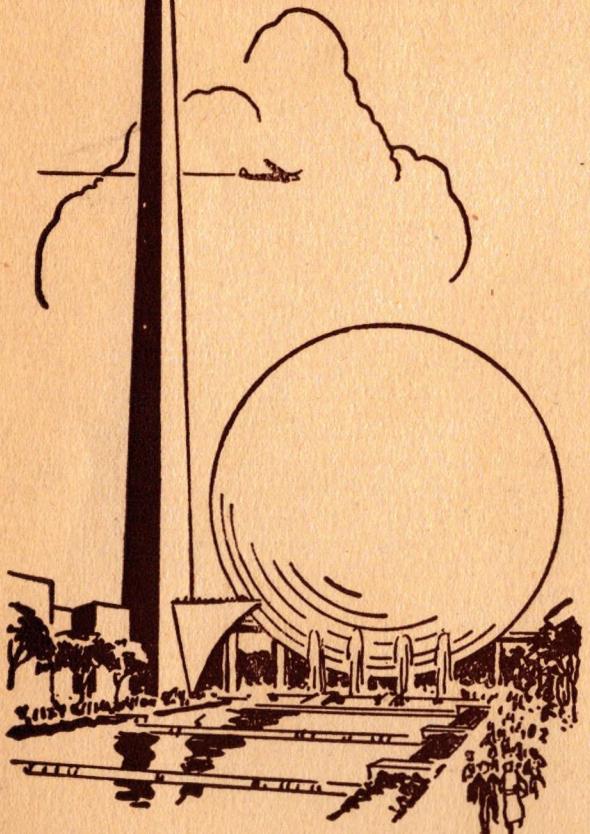


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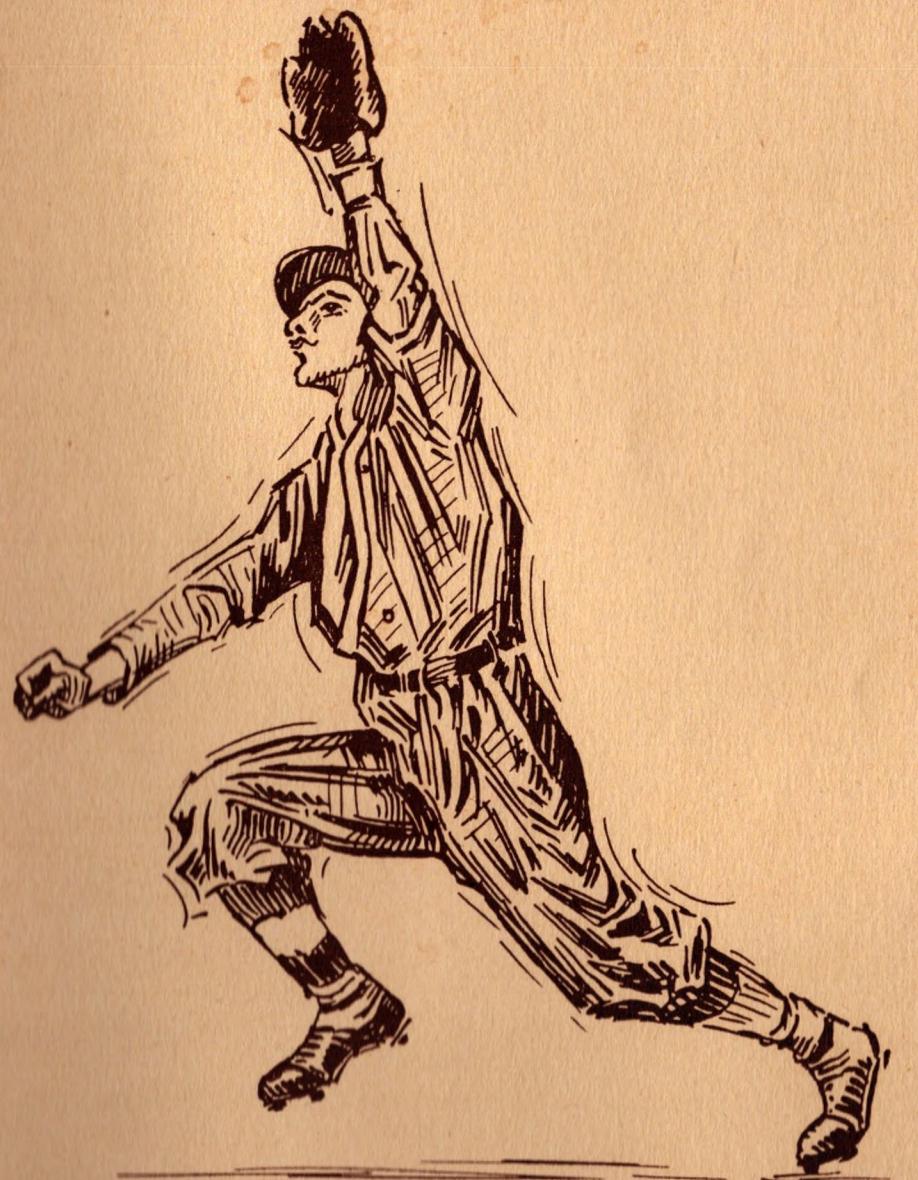
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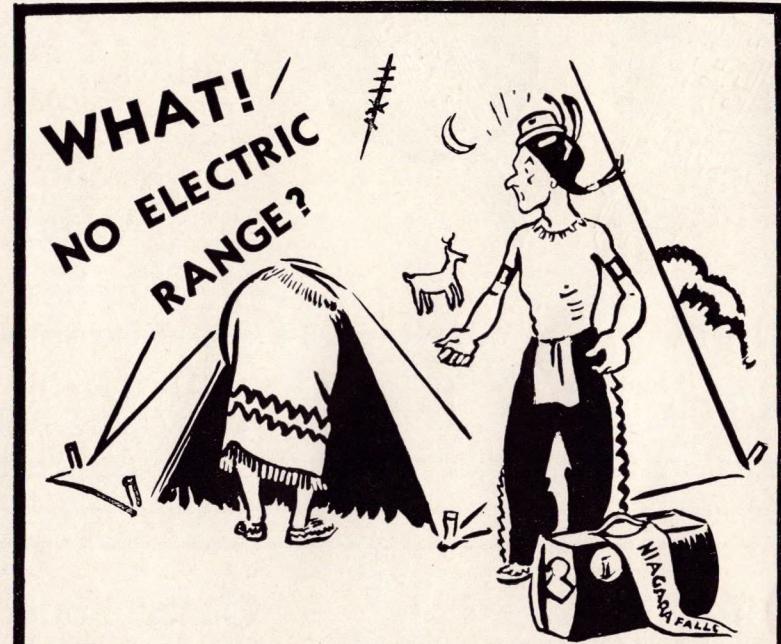
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JUNE - 1937

June, 1937

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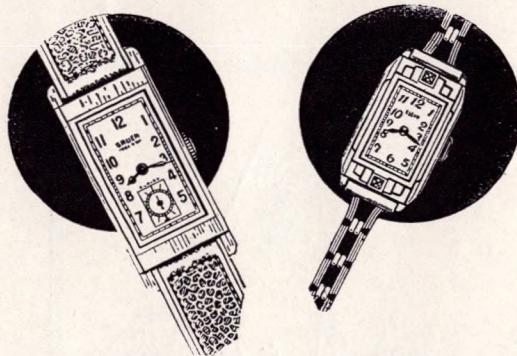
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# THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. XXII

JUNE, 1937

No. 6

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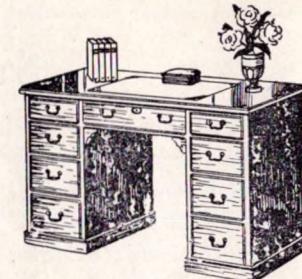


**Sylvia Bookless**

1920-1937

"So we are glad, not that our friend has gone,  
But that the earth she laughed and lived upon  
Was our earth, too:  
That we had closely known and loved her, and that  
Our love we'd shown.  
Tears over her departure?  
Yes, many, but also a smile—  
That we had walked with her a little while."

## On the Editor's Desk



### THE CITY OF FORTY THOUSAND DEAD

By Betty Mitchell

FROM Washington, D. C., the throbbing center of our nation, the heart of this country's activities, the city representative of all American life, one looks across the Potomac at the silent city of the forty thousand dead. From the middle of a swarming, noisy street one may observe white marble buildings on a quiet hillside and may thus be reminded that all is not busy and joyful. For on the other side of the slowly flowing river that seems to represent the passing of time, is the Arlington Cemetery—the sobbing center of our nation, the heart of this country's inactivity, the city representative of all American dead.

Every year on May thirtieth, large numbers of individuals drive across a beautiful white concrete bridge to the Arlington Cemetery to learn a lesson from those who gave their lives, supposedly to make a world safe for democracy, to preserve the Union, or to further some other equally noble-sounding cause. But as the people stand among rows and rows of little white headstones, they must realize that the end for which those soldiers sacrificed themselves was not worth the means, and that they have died in vain.

When these same people gather at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, his voice must sound in their consciousness above that of the patriot who is addressing them; they must harken to the voice of the dead which says something like this:

"I died that a worthy cause might live on. It sounds noble, but there were times when I did not feel noble at all. There were times

when I said to myself 'Why must I leave my family, my sweetheart, my life's work, my high ambitions and my plans to better the world, and come to this dirty vermin-covered hole to kill young men who have the same loves and plans as I?' But then the things that the President, Recruiting Officer, and the Chaplain had said would come to my mind and I'd say 'How selfish I am.'

"Yet today, as I see what is being done across the river, I wonder if it wouldn't have been less selfish had I lived and invented some medicine to cure cancer, or written a worthwhile book, or preached inspiring sermons. For I see large warships being built; I hear that there are millions of dollars being appropriated for armaments, and I learn of plans to enforce military training in schools and camps.

"Is the same thing going to happen all over again? Are forty thousand more young men going to come to keep us company here? How can that city housing ambassadors of peace from all over the world, filled with statues and buildings constructed in the effort to further peace, and dominated by memorials to the two greatest peace loving Americans—how can that city take bread from the mouths of the nation's people and sell it to buy guns which will cause more famine, more sadness and more hatred?

"I am selfish! How then would you describe the diplomats, munition makers, and bankers that are preparing to draw youth into another war?"

## STUDENT OPINION

## COMPULSORY SCHOOL AGE

When we consider the fact that a college education is becoming more and more desirable, even imperative, for those who would seek greater economic security, it can but convince us of the real need of at least a high school or vocational education for everyone.

Since those leaving school between the ages of fourteen and sixteen cannot, in nine cases out of ten, hope to rise above humble positions; since the financial aid of mothers with dependent children up to the age of sixteen is assured by a Massachusetts state law; since the 36.9% normal and 59.5% retarded children leaving school under sixteen would benefit by high school or vocational training respectively, I believe that the age for compulsory school attendance should be raised from fourteen to sixteen years.

Marion Roberts

## WOMEN WORKING FOR PEACE

Every few days the newspapers tell us of incidents in Europe or the Far East, anyone of which might lead to a world conflict. But now more than ever before are women's organizations working for lasting peace. I think that their work and study toward such a goal ought to be given whole-hearted support. May the millions of women now enrolled and future members continue their sincere efforts to prevent war.

Priscilla Bailey

## EQUAL PAY FOR EQUAL WORK

Where men and women are engaged in similar enterprises they should be subject to the same regulations. Women are today filling positions which were formerly held by men, but they work invariably at lower wages than the men. A woman must earn her living and if she is more capable than some man, so much more power to her. She takes the same treatment, gets the same or better results, and deserves the same privileges and rewards as men. No discrimination in the matter of salary should be made.

Marguerite Brielman

## WOMEN IN BUSINESS

For long years women have been suppressed by household duties—but with the invention of numerous electrical appliances they have been coming to the front in outside fields. Men are quick to realize that women are invaluable because of their quick intellects and have brought them into the business world—the one time man's world! Business that demands executive ability has been women's field of conquest. It seems that many of the large business interests with women at their head are not only keeping up the pace, but leading the race!

Dorothy Litty

## WOMEN DRIVERS

Women are safer drivers than men! They do not regard operating a vehicle as an imposition, but as a privilege; nor do they resort to profanity when at intervals other motorists impede their progress. Lacking man's age old sense of false superiority, the woman driver does not feel that her prestige is injured if another auto passes her on the road. In fact, most of the time, one finds her courteous and respectful. Her regard for the rights of others as well as for her own safety make her a cautious and safe driver.

Sophia Pomerantz

## AFTER RE-ARMAMENT, WHAT?

Billions of dollars for defense, a new race for armaments because nations consider themselves threatened. Suspicion is engendered and fear created to raise the required appropriations for rearming; and after rearming, what? Since militarism has been developed in the minds of the people, the ultimate outcome will be a repetition of the events of 1914-1918.

Have we any grounds for fear? Certainly, we Americans have no thought of war, so why spend billions for armaments when those same billions can be spent for public welfare?

Sylvia Feinstock

June, 1937

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## TRIUMPH

By Florence Powers

IT was over—the long, dreary hours of feeling so choked with sorrow that it was hard to breathe, the trying days of smiling bravely while your world crashed into splinters about your weary feet. The end had come and yet it was only the beginning of a still more trying, more discouraging period.

Slowly Anne Lenard turned from the window, and for the first time in days her emotions conquered. Great sobs shook her slender form, and heart-wrenching gasps escaped from her trembling lips. She flung herself upon the bed and gave way to the suffocating grief within. Mother was gone! Never again would she see that wan, smiling face bravely trying to hide the fatigue which marked every line of the delicate features; the wistful eyes; the sensitive, hurt mouth. A frail creature she had been, yet the bulwark of the family and now she was gone!

Suddenly, however, the sobbing ceased and the breathing became more regular. The light of understanding gleamed in Anne's blue eyes. She couldn't act like this! What would happen to little Joe and Betty if she did not protect them? They were young, defenseless, and it was her duty to stand by them as Mother would have wished her to.

She rose and after combing her hair, she squared her shoulders and went down the broad staircase. The living room, filled with memories, brought stinging tears to her eyes as did the scent of flowers which still hung heavily in the air. She flung open the windows, raised the curtains, rearranged chairs, swept and dusted. She was tired when it was finished, yet the room had acquired a more natural, settled appearance.

The two children arrived amid Anne's hasty preparation of their supper. Not much was said during the meal although Anne tried to make the youngsters talk. It was not until bed time that Betty spoke.

"Are you going to tuck me into bed tonight?" she asked, tiny lips quivering and lonely eyes filling with tears.

"Yes, dear, we'll go up now," answered Anne with a husky note in her voice. Brave Joey, she thought. He's trying to pretend; trying to make believe he's not aware of the haunting vacancy in the house. Oh, God, give me the strength to guide and care for them!

Slowly Anne closed the door of the children's room and descended to the shadowy living room. She made her way to the desk and wearily began her search for the family papers. The fire burned lower and lower and the pile of papers increased on the already littered desk.

A sigh escaped Anne and floated about the empty room as she finally rose from the desk. Her brow was lined with worry and there was a tired look in her eye for she had found that only three hundred dollars remained of the once enormous bank account.

Endless days followed. Days in which Anne stretched the remaining money to appease demanding creditors. Her want ads for boarders were finally answered and in desperation Anne had accepted the only applicants—an austere old lady, constantly complaining about the noise of the children and a silent, brooding man who was never satisfied with the food. Somehow she got through each day, so tired that sleep came the minute she laid her head upon the pillow.

The silver lining was just appearing when again the blackness of trouble enveloped it. Little Betty was carried into the house, limp in the arms of a tall, young man. A hit and run driver had left her tiny form lying in the road.

For days and nights Anne sat beside the unconscious child in the darkened room and the silent young man with the warm brown eyes was ever present; silently sympathetic and quietly helpful.

"Anne," he finally said the third night. "You've got to get some sleep. I'll stay here and if Betty awakens I promise to call you."

Grateful eyes were raised to his and slowly Anne rose.

"Peter, you've been splendid. It was not your fault and yet you've stood by, always comforting, always helping. It was you that told the grocer he'd have to wait for his money. It was you that paid the milk bill when the milkman threatened to cease deliveries. If it hadn't been for you, I could never had stood this last blow."

Peter gave no response but the pleased look in his eyes was answer enough. This look returned again later when he listened to the words of the doctor.

"Yes, she'll be all right," he briefly stated as he snapped shut his medicine bag. "You have much to be thankful for, my dear," he added kindly to Anne. "It is a miracle that the child will ever walk again. It will take time but she will walk."

After he had left, Anne sat still on the quiet front porch. A slight breeze stirred the leaves and the fragrant scent of lilacs filled the air.

"Thinking?" asked a smooth voice behind her.

Anne did not move. The voice was familiar. Had it not guided her through these past tormenting days?

"Yes, Peter, the scent of those lilacs brings back the memories of Mother's death."

"It's easier to think about now, isn't it?" he gently inquired.

"Yes. It seems as though her going wasn't as hard to bear. I've missed her; no one could take her place and yet I'm thankful for the problems I've had. Old Mr. Reed and his grumblings about my cooking often strike me funny and even Miss Blake's constant nagging of the children seems to have helped. It's given me courage to go on. And you, Peter—there are no words with which I can thank you for what you've done."

"Don't try," he answered. "Your gratitude is enough for me. Being able to ease your burden was all I wanted. Just to hear your laughter tinkling through the house is payment enough for me."

Finally little Betty was carried downstairs

and placed in a wheel chair. Her thin cheeks were flushed with excitement as Peter wheeled her out upon the front porch. Slowly she looked from Peter to Anne and as the latter placed a pillow behind her head Betty placed tiny arms about Anne's neck and pulled her down within hearing distance.

"Peter is wonderful, isn't he?" she whispered loudly.

"Yes, Betty, the most wonderful person I've ever known," Anne answered, color surging up to her cheeks.

Days passed in rapid succession. One evening while Peter and Anne were sitting on the porch they were startled by hearing the screen door open. Turning they beheld Betty standing in the doorway. Anne tried to rise, but Peter firmly detained her from reaching Betty's side. Slowly measuring each step, the child advanced toward the couple. Her eyes held a starlike gaze and her breath came in short, excited gasps. Finally she came close and Anne fell on her knees clasping the child close to her. The tears streamed unheeded down her face as she murmured, "Betty, Betty darling, you've walked!"

"Yes," answered the child sobbing with joy, "and now Peter and I can plant our garden. He promised me."

One day in the long-awaited-for garden Betty turned her questioning eyes up to Peter and said "You're not going away ever again, are you?"

"I'm afraid I must. I don't belong here," he answered.

"But you do," spoke a calm voice behind them. They turned to see Anne standing in the path a shining light in her clear blue eyes.

"You mean . . . ?"

"Yes," she answered.

Betty looked from one to the other, then suddenly said, "Oh! Oh! I've got to rush to tell Joey. He's been afraid you'd go before he finished his boat. You're sure, you're sure, you'll never go?" she asked as she prepared to race into the house.

"Very sure," answered Peter and Anne in one voice, blue eyes smiling happily into brown.

## THE LAST TIME

By Edith Moore

THE vast theater had never been so quiet. Although a difference was sensed, none could detect just what it was. Unknown to the audience it was the star's farewell performance. Tomorrow's papers would carry the story, announcing her engagement to the scion of one of the city's oldest, wealthiest families. The only thing to break the tense quiet was the soft music, and the star's peculiar husky-sweet voice. "There must be a happy ending—", she sobbed clearly. The orchestra followed her slowly as she sang the last bar. When the song was ended, she bowed low to the tremendous applause, hiding her face from her admirers, and ran off the stage blinded by tears. In her flower-filled dressing room, she could still hear their acclaim. As long as she lived, she would remember the feeling it gave her.

She had started as a chorus girl, and only after a long, bitter struggle did she obtain success and stardom. She was now the most popular singing star on Broadway. She loved Broadway with its joys; its sorrows; its bright lights, and gay familiar sounds. Even now, after three years of success, seeing her name in lights thrilled her. Now, she was going to leave it all.

She shrugged her shoulders, and tried to hum a tune indifferently. She stopped suddenly; buried her face in her arms, and wept. She did not hear the opening, and closing of the door as a tall young man quietly entered. When she looked up he was kneeling beside her.

"Julie—Julie, don't. You musn't be unhappy, dear," he said huskily. "Tell old Ken what it is; maybe he can help."

She smiled through her tears, and reached for his hand. It was like him to want to help. How glad she was for his friendship. She looked into his young face, and was surprised

to find that he looked tired—old. She thought of Phil's boyish face, and compared his laughing brown eyes with Ken's steady grey ones; his gay, irresponsible nature with Ken's serious one; his free laughter to Ken's understanding.

"I'm crying because I'm happy," she lied.

"Of course, you are," Ken comforted. "I'll tell you what let's do. You get all dolled up, and we'll go somewhere and dance, as we used to—remember? It will be a swell way to say good-bye."

"All right, Ken," she agreed, "—for the last time."

\* \* \* \*

Across the city in a fashionable district, in an impressive mansion, Philip Whitney was talking to his mother. She was a beautiful woman with white hair which was neatly waved and worn low on the neck in a small knot; an unusually young face, and a tall, graceful carriage. Her dark eyes shone with pride as she spoke to her son.

"—But, my dear," she was saying, "a common chorus girl!"

"She's no such thing!" he defended hotly. "She's a beautiful, glamorous star!"

"A woman of the theater!" his mother ejaculated.

"I'm sorry you feel that way, Mother," he said softly. "I'm old enough to know what I want; I have plenty of money in my own right and I mean to live my own life. I'm going to marry Julia Trent!"

Hurt and angry, his mother faced him. She did not say a word. She knew that she had failed. Her eyes were softened with unshed tears. She seemed to be saying, "My dear, you don't realize what you mean to me."

"Oh, Mom! I'm sorry," Phil said. "—but I mean to marry Julia," he laughed as he drew his mother to him in a bear hug, and kissed

her boyishly. "I've got to go now, see you later. Got a date with Eva—" His mother eyed him suspiciously. "—for the last time," he laughed.

Her eyes followed him out of the room. "What a stubborn child he is," she said to herself smiling fondly. "I really believe he doesn't know his own heart!"

Phil drove up to the large, old-fashioned house, slammed on his brakes, and jumped out of his car. As he ran up the steps of the old house, he was greeted, as he had been many times before, by a strikingly beautiful girl. He pecked her lightly on the cheek, and together they went into the house.

"Gee, I'm glad I could come."

"So am I, Phil. What shall we do?"

He walked across the room, and turned on the radio. "Let's dance!" They talked and danced, not daring to meet each other's eyes.

Finally Eve whispered, "Let's take a walk in the garden, Phil, as we used to do."

He put his arm around her and they walked out into the garden, where under the autumn frost the flowers were beginning to die.

"They remind me of us," she said softly. "Everything here was beautiful once. Now it's fading, and dying fast."

"I'm sorry, Eve. I didn't know you felt like this," he said gently.

"Oh, I don't—really. It was silly of me to have said that. Shall we go in?" she asked softly.

He caught her arm, and turned her face toward him. Why—he had grown up with this gallant girl; from childhood his heart had belonged to her, and until now he hadn't realized it! He looked into her blue eyes.

"Eve—" he said simply.

She hid her face against his rough tweed shoulder and cried softly.

"Eve, will you stop acting like a child?" he rebuked. "I know what to do."

He grasped her hand, started to run. She was forced to follow—wondering what he

was going to do. Their eyes met, and they laughed merrily as they got into Phil's car and rode away into the night.

At a little roadside inn, still another scene was being enacted. Julie and Ken had had a pleasant evening together, and now they sat talking. He took her hand and asked gently, "Julie, why are you doing it? Surely you don't really believe that you can give everything up—you'll come back sometime, you know. It can't be for money, you have enough of that. Are you sure you really—care?"

"I thought I did, Ken, but now I know that it was a mistake. I've made up my mind to write him a letter and send it the first thing in the morning."

"Julie!" Ken gasped, "Is it too soon? That is—I was a fool not to have spoken sooner. I wanted to save a little first."

"My dear, I've been waiting to hear you say that all evening. I was beginning to wonder if you would," she said simply.

\* \* \* \*

The next morning when she was re-reading the letter she had written to Phil, she was interrupted by her maid who was bringing her breakfast and the morning paper. When she opened the paper, happy tears filled her eyes.

"Thank Heaven," she breathed.

There on the front page was an account of the elopement of Philip Whitney and Eva Lindsey!

That evening the tense quiet of the night before was lifted from the theater. This audience was more at ease than the last one had been, as the throaty tones of the star filled the air, following the orchestra gaily along the familiar strains.

"—There's always a happy ending—" she trilled, smiling to her admirers.

When she finished the song she threw saucy kisses to the audience.

"—And there'll be no more 'last times' for us," she murmured happily to herself as she met Ken's eyes from backstage.

## SWING

By Phyllis Moore

*Ahoy, musicians and everyone,  
Let's gather around the big bass drum.  
We'll startle the world with a session of swing  
That'll rattle the walls to a swaying sing.*

*We'll have Picolo Pete to go 'round and 'round,  
And a cello man who will paint the town.  
There'll be Plinking Sam with his mandolin,  
And dear Rubinoff with his violin.*

*We'll torture the cymbals and tickle the flute,  
We'll grab the French horn and give it a toot.  
The trombone player and saxophonite  
Can swing on their horns for the rest of the night.*

*So come, all you folks, get your instruments out,  
Just keep to the beat; pretty soon you'll not doubt  
That woodwind and brass, percussion and swing,  
When joyfully rendered, can beat everything.*

## THE SAGACITY OF SATAN

By Lillian Walsh

IT was Satan who started it all, and Satan who finished it. And the funny part was that no one ever realized that except Foam, the white Persian who lived next door, and Satan himself told her about it. This is the way things happened.

It began the day the bulldog came into Bennett's yard. Diane was sitting on the front steps reading and drying her curly brown hair at the same time. Satan was playing near the syringa bush, chasing ants. He was just a tiny black kitten, then, with very yellow eyes and a fiendish temper. When he saw the bulldog invading his domain, he began to spit and snarl viciously. This was a new experience to Sharkey, the bulldog, who prided himself on his ferocity where cats were concerned. He barked experimentally.

The noise roused Diane; she glanced up just in time to see Satan slap Sharkey's nose and Sharkey's retaliation. Her eyes widened with horror and indignation. If that big brute hurt her poor, helpless little kitten, she'd—she'd have him shot.

She rushed to the scene of battle, colliding with a hatless young man who dashed from the other side of the syringa bush, intent upon reaching the contestants as soon as possible. Snatching up Satan protectively she thoroughly berated Sharkey and his flustered master. When she paused for breath, David Wilson grinned sheepishly and said, "Sorry! Is the little thing hurt?"

Diane examined her pet and shook her head, "I guess not." Then she smiled. Satan purred contentedly in her arms.

In the following year Satan made friends with Sharkey. He had to because, as Satan complained to Foam, wherever David went, the blamed old bulldog was never far behind.

It was on a Monday morning when Satan was nearly two years old that the hue and cry was raised. Foam was missing! She must have been stolen because she'd never run

away! There was talk of a reward. All the neighboring yards were searched, people were questioned, trees were examined closely, the police were even called—but no trace of Foam!

Through all the bustle Satan sat comfortably in the hammock until he was banished by Diane and David. "Make way for your betters," David had observed, jokingly. Sometimes they were disgustingly conceited, these humans, thought Satan. Betters, indeed! Why, if they knew what he knew—and he arched his back proudly! Ho, hum! He might as well go down, and take a look at the youngsters, two as black as himself and one pure white like Foam. They were all in the laundry room of Bennett's house. Who would think of looking there for Foam?

When he arrived, he found to his consternation, that it was not the cool, dark sanctuary it had been. It was a hot, brilliantly-lighted room filled with people, wet clothes, steam, and soapsuds—worst of all, soapsuds!

Satan was watching all this unexpected activity from behind a pile of dirty clothes when he found himself picked up and tossed into a tub of soapy water in company with a lot of filthy rags. Deeply humiliated and angered, Satan leaped from the tub and dashed to find the sure refuge of his mistress' arms.

Meanwhile, things hadn't been going so well in the hammock. About the time of Satan's disaster, Diane stood up and faced David angrily. "If you can't wait till then for the wedding," she sputtered, "there just won't be any."

"Do you mean that?" David asked quietly; but there was a steely look in his blue eyes.

"Absolutely!" He couldn't know how close she was to tears.

Calling Sharkey, David started quickly down the walk, but a cry from the girl and a

(Continued on Page 17)

June, 1937

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## 'NOTHING ELSE MATTERS'

By Mary Atkinson

"BUT Janie, can't you be satisfied to stay here in Plainsfield? The school board says you can take Miss Marlowe's place, and you know that means a job for life."

Mrs. John Hibbard, known as Aunt Annie to the countryside, smoothed complacently her stiff white apron and glanced up at her niece.

"That's just it! I don't want to stay here all my life! There's so much more in the world besides teaching five or six stupid children that can't spell cat. I want nice things, things I'll never have if I stay here and get forty dollars a month and my room and board. I've just got to get away from here! You understand, don't you?" begged Jane Weller, looking pleadingly at her aunt.

"I think I do. Once I used to want to get away from Plainsfield forever, but—well, I met your uncle, and nothing else seemed to matter."

"But I'm not in love with any of the boys around here!"

"Well! There's many a fine young fellow around here," commented John Hibbard coming up the steps.

"But they're not what I want. I want life! And if I could go to Chicago, I could get somewhere. I just know I could. And Mrs. Kendall's daughter is always asking me to come up and stay with her for a couple of months until I get a position," pleaded the fair-headed girl, turning appealingly to her aunt and uncle.

"I think you could too, once you got to Chicago," said Uncle John, "but how are you going to get there? It'll take a lot of money. Your aunt and I can't help you very much. All hopes of that went when the worms ruined the apple crop."

"Listen, Uncle, I've been thinking about it. You know the strawberry patch up near Miller's Hill? Well, if I take all the preserves and

jams I made from those strawberries and bring them into Macon City, maybe I could sell them to those people that run the restaurant where they sell home-made food! They can't make it all themselves, so maybe they'd be glad to buy some," cried Jane, her face flushed with eager excitement.

"Say, there's something in that! It won't hurt to try, anyway. And Janie, don't think Annie and I don't understand. We do and we'll help all we can."

"Oh, Uncle John! You and Auntie are both simply grand. I knew you'd see things my way."

What bustling and running around prevailed the rambling farmhouse the next few days. Packing boxes were dragged from the attic, jars of all sizes and shapes were carefully labeled and packed; innumerable balls of heavy twine were used to fasten securely the flaps of cardboard boxes.

Uncle John had protested that all this fuss and bother would be wasted if the restaurant people didn't buy the jams and preserves. But Jane and Aunt Annie weren't to be put off. Jane, especially had made up her mind that somebody—she didn't care who—was going to pay real money for those jars and bottles.

"Well, here we are. Park the truck right on this corner. I'm going into 'The Old-Fashioned Meeting Place' and all these boxes are going to change hands or I'll know the reason why."

Then with a determined look Jane walked into the restaurant, without a backward glance.

"Gosh Annie, I wonder what's happening. She's been in there half an hour already. I'm going after her."

"No, you're not," answered Annie, "Jane said she was going to handle this alone, so

(Continued on Page 22)

## PETER

By Miriam Phelps

THE homely little tiger kitten looked so appealing, lying there in his basket, that we just had to take him. My sister and I thought that he was the perfect kitten; even Mother admitted that he was a "nice little cat." So we acquired Peter.

And what an acquisition he was! Always quite undistinguished in personal appearance, as a kitten he had the natural grace of all young animals, and this lent charm to his unproportionately long legs, his clumsy big feet, his stickout shoulder-blades and his sawed-off, fighting jaw. But now, five years later, there is nothing to redeem these unfortunate features, and, with the aid of a notched ear and a scarred visage, Peter is just another cat-about-town.

All through his kittenhood, in spite of his rather bellicose appearance, Peter was all that could be desired of a pet in affection and intelligence. Then one morning, he staggered in, a perfect wreck of a cat, even to what in a human we call a black eye. After vainly trying to bathe his injuries, we let him retire to his corner and sleep it off.

Was it possible, we wondered, for such a gentle, playful kitten to turn into a veritable fighting wildcat? We tried to appeal to his better self, of which he evidently had very little, for he merely blinked his one good eye and went to sleep again. Apparently the damage had been done, for, from that day to this, we never know at what time or in what condition Peter will return after making a night of it.

But he has his lucid intervals, too. During the day he sits meditating in the chimney corner; only from his battle scars would a person think that he was anything but a respectable, fireside-sitting cat.

Peter's howls are a study in themselves. When he is hungry, which is more often than not, he has a sweet, appealing little "mew." When he is pensive or lonely, he stalks the

## THEIR LOVES

By Thelma Lapp

*Carefree children—playing happily,  
What more is there to wish for?  
A noisy drum, a baby doll,  
A jump rope, a pop gun;  
Leap frog and hide and seek,  
Cops and robbers, and cheese it;  
A circus, and peanuts, and ice cream cones,  
A big bedroom, a downy bed, and mother's goodnight kiss;  
These are their world—their loves.*

*Student bodies marching on,  
What more is there to wish for?  
Tennis, and golf, and football games,  
Hockey, and baseball and swimming;  
Theaters and restaurants, and motor boat rides,  
Class days, Junior Proms, and Senior Plays:*

*Pretty Joan in a canoe on the lake,  
Handsome Paul in his big, open car;  
These are their world—their loves.*

*Marriage ties for these fleeting years,  
What more is there to wish for?  
John's new position, Elaine's recent marriage,  
Tom's continuous pranks away at college;  
Bridge, and the concert, an occasional trip,  
A good book, a comfortable chair, glowing embers;  
Sadness, memories, joys, and sorrows,  
Their friends, their family,—each other.  
These are their world—their loves.*

floor, uttering sepulchral yowls. And on the nights when he steps out, his battle-cry, loud and challenging, rings upon the still night air.

Perhaps he is not so very attractive; perhaps he has not a nice disposition; but he is our pet, and we value him more highly than we might the most beautiful Persian—just because he is Peter.

June, 1937

## MAYTIME ORCHARDS

By Ruth Drake

I NEVER see an orchard in May without feeling a sense of renewed hope and faith and contentment. I never walk beneath apple trees that are faintly pink and fragrant, I never see the radiant snow of cherry trees in blossom without saying in my heart, "God's in his heaven—All's right with the world." For an orchard in blossom is a concrete and glorious proof that God is in His heaven and that He is looking down upon a world that is right.

Nowadays there are a great many people who tell us—and some of them talk very convincingly—that the world is going to the dogs and that everything about it is topsy-turvy. Sometimes when I play audience to a political speech thundering through the air, I think of my mother's cure, when we children were very young, for the sort of talk that bred juvenile mutiny and disaster. A mouth washed out with soap was her remedy, and I tell you it was effective. Mouths so washed spoke gently and of pleasant things in the future.

To my mind, an orchard in bloom is spiritual soap. It washes the soul clean of trouble-breeding germs, just as it takes away dingy thoughts from the minds.

I'd like to gather together all the anarchists and all the war-makers and all the false prophets. I'd like to set them down in the country in a place where the sky is blue overhead and the new grass is soft and springy underfoot and there are flowering fruit trees telling a story, in their own inimitable way, of a harvest to be. I won't guarantee that the war-makers and false prophets would indulge, then and there, in a love feast as a complete reversal of all their fixed opinions, but I do feel sure that they would be cleansed of some of the dust of disbelief.

An orchard in May—I pray that I may never be too old nor too blind to harken to the message of flowering trees. I hope I shall be able, when May comes, to go to a place

## TREASURES

By Evelyn Bergstrom

*Life offers us such countless gifts;  
So many joys for us exist  
A hundred ponderous tomes would fail  
To hold one half the lengthy list.  
And yet with all Life's great display,  
It would so empty seem to be,  
So worthless, vain, and purposeless.  
If it should snatch these pearls from me.*

*The peepers with their song of spring;  
The camp-fire's flames like tongues of gold  
That leap and dart in night's black ink,  
And sketch grand sights of knights of old;  
The lonely hoot owl's eerie call;  
A Sears and Roebuck catalogue;  
A wood fire's smoke, so bitter sweet;  
The kindly eyes of Pete, my dog;  
The distant midnight train's sad wail;  
A hale and hardy lumberjack;  
The chirping harbingers of dawn  
That draw the shades of night right back;  
A small New England town's reserve,  
Its charming, suave complacency;  
The ring of flashing skates, so keen;  
The drowsy hum of honey bee;  
The human traffic's hustling feet  
On city streets where all's ado;  
A silhouetted birch canoe  
On waters calm with sunset hue;  
The shrewdness of real country folks;  
And pine pitch, fragrant, on one's hands;  
A "grandma's" sweet serenity;  
One heart that loves and understands.  
With pen dipped in a magic ink,  
The hue of golden memories,  
I list my treasures lovingly  
In volumes rare that no man sees.  
A hundred ponderous tomes would fail  
To hold one half the lengthy list;  
So many joys for us exist  
Life offers us such countless gifts.*

where there are apple, and cherry blossoms, preaching a clean, eternal truth in the cathedral of the out-of-doors.

## ON FISHING

By Dorothy Litty

APRIL fifteenth marks a red letter day for all true followers of Isaac Walton. Your rod and hooks are shiny from much polishing and caressing. The evening before long earth-worms, (night crawlers to the experienced) have been dug and meanwhile half of your garden. Then carefully you place all paraphernalia handy and put a glass of milk into the refrigerator. Now early to bed, so that you may be early to rise.

It is a thrill to rise early on a chilly, foggy morning, while it is still faintly misting, that is once you're awake. but when at four in the morning the insistent, persistent kind of an alarm clock dings in the ear so that you get out of bed thinking that you'd set the clock wrong—that you'd just gone to sleep, you rather wonder if it's a thrill, or just a shiver from the cold. Slowly off go the bedclothes and yawningly you wonder what you'd do if you had to get up at this time every day. Finally you are awake enough to get the "fish" in your blood and you hurry into hip boots, and heavy coat, and tuck in any curls that might straighten in adverse atmospheric conditions. During this process you wake the whole household 'till dad becomes so outraged that unless you get "onto yourself" your fishing might be postponed indefinitely. The wise thing to do then is to grab your glass of milk, worms, pole, and get going! This year the fishing season started officially at four-thirteen in the morning and by the time you arrive at your favorite haunt there are eight or ten other Waltonians there. Courage and a feeling of assurance never forsake you even though the raw cold air digs into your flesh, your hands nearly freeze, and boats leak. Still there is always that buoyancy that never lags.

Hours pass all in vain, if it is too cold. But never fear, there is always some poor fish, hungry enough to bite. It may be a lovely rainbow or brown trout, or just a plain ordi-

nary brook trout, still there is an undefinable ecstasy in pulling out any kind at all—that is if it's over six inches long.

With the catching of one comes a sure feeling of catching the quota. But alas, slowly another hour of casting and drawing in ticks away. Perhaps you've had bites that can be saved for some good stories next winter, but now you want something tangible to take home, and brag about! Wearily your thoughts wander; then there comes a tug and all your skill and prowess handed down from long generations comes to the front in landing a big one. A true fisherman always keeps a poker face, so, calmly this one goes into the basket. Slowly you bait the hook and cast again . . . but you're time is up, the seven o'clock whistle blows, so off you go—to make ready for school.

## THE BOYS

By Joseph W. Farrell, Jr.

Young men and those who're old and bent  
Go over in memory the days they've spent  
Waiting their turn on the baseball lot  
To hit the ball a mighty swat.  
Happy were they for any chance  
To help the home team make advance.

Often in memory they climb  
The apple tree in summer time;  
Then to the brook with hook and line,  
Filled with hopes of a catch so fine;  
In dreams, to lakes and ponds they wander  
And in they dive like a shiny flounder.

When brisk fall days come 'round again  
Out on the grid go the stalwart men;  
They struggle with might on the grimy field  
So they may win the coveted shield.  
These are the days that all boys know  
As one by one their short years go.

June, 1937

## BURIED TREASURE

By Dorothy Shelton

THE old clock above the Post Office door had just struck ten and most of the inhabitants of Clamsville were already wrapped in slumber, when Dan Lacey opened the door of his little cottage and gazed into the grim blackness. There was no moon on this June night, and as Dan sniffed the air testily, he decided that there would be rain, but not for a good two hours yet. That, he decided, would be enough time to carry out the business at hand. Listening intently, he concluded that at last the tide was out. Yes, undoubtedly it was a perfect night for business, so closing the door quietly, lest he should awaken the sleeping inmates, Dan tiptoed to a closet from which he took an old shovel, and a rather large square box, and a flash-light; then he stole out of the house. Stopping just outside the door, he considered in which direction he was to go. If he were to follow the beach for about a quarter of a mile to the east, that would bring him, he felt, to just the spot where he wanted to be. As he walked steadily toward his destination, Dan earnestly hoped that the rumor which he had heard that day was true, that Sheriff Gun was away for the day and evening; for with the Sheriff around, Dan knew that his chances were none too good. Finally arriving at a spot he believed to be the one he sought, he flashed his light around to make sure. Yes, there was the familiar pile of rocks and at a distance behind them that tall, slender tree. Being satisfied, he laid his flash-light on the sand and carefully examined the ground; then picking up his shovel, he began to dig. While he was thus engaged, far down the beach, a tiny speck of light began to weave its way toward him. Unsuspectingly Dan worked on, and the light continued coming nearer and nearer. Then suddenly out of the darkness a voice boomed:

"Hey, Dan, that you?"

## THE YELLOW ROSES

By Isabelle Carolyn Sayles

Today I picked a yellow rose,  
It's petals tipped with pink.  
It was such a lovely thing  
It made me start to think.  
  
No, I've not forgotten you.  
Don't think I ever will.  
Your love seems to have filled a spot  
That nothing else could fill.  
  
I dared not tell you face to face.  
What thoughts within me rose!  
I only pressed the flower, for once,  
You wore a yellow rose.

The digger stopped and uttered the sigh of a man resigned to his fate.

"Yes, Sheriff," he answered; "but what are you doing here; I understood that you were away for the day?"

"And so I was," replied the Sheriff, "but I made sure I returned in time to dig a few more clams than you."

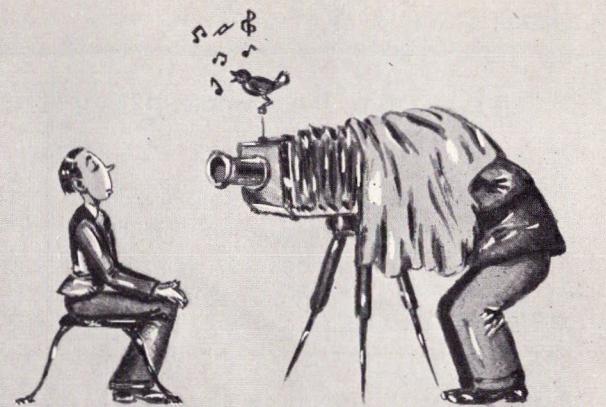
## THE SAGACITY OF SATAN

(Continued from Page 12)

snarl from the dog stopped him. He swung around to see Satan, wet from head to tail, flecked with foam, a wild look in his yellow eyes, heading straight for Diane who was huddled in the hammock. Taking the steps in a running jump, David placed himself between the terrified girl and the apparently mad feline. Then he put his arms around her trembling shoulders and murmured comforting words in her ear. Gradually, under the spell of the soothing voice, she grew calmer, and presently, their quarrel forgotten, she smiled.

Meanwhile, Satan, seeing his mistress' sympathy denied him, rolled over and over on the grass to rid himself of those despicable soapsuds, and then stretched out in the sun to calm his ruffled feelings and dry his wet fur. A few minutes later he again tried to attract Diane's attention to himself by mewing and purring, but all his efforts were in vain. Feeling rather lonesome, he went to resume his search for his own happy family.

# Who's Who IN P.H.S.



June, 1937

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## And Why

### RALPH LEVINE

Perhaps, there is no more widely known person in Pittsfield High than Ralph "Big Boss" Levine. He has served on almost every school committee, is currently Business Manager of Year Book, Manager of the track team, and Co-Manager of basketball team. He hates Review Math best and "not to show prejudice" likes History and English. His ambition is to make the Year Book a "huge success". His home room is 242, but confidentially you'll find him in 103 more often.

### BENJAMIN NEWMAN

Ever since "Ben" was elected chairman of the ring committee, last September, he has been prominent in several class and school functions. If you have never met him it's high time you did. Just search the halls for a tall person, with a ready smile, a helping hand, and two jokes for every one of yours. If, when you introduce yourself, he asks whether you have paid for your ring yet, you'll know that is none other than "Ben" Newman himself.

### ATHLETE

One of the outstanding girl athletes of P. H. S. is Helen Naprava. She has been captain of baseball, basketball, and hockey teams and has won the girls' track meet. Of course she has received her monogram for her unusually good work in sports. She says she, likes bookkeeping and does not like sissies; so, boys, if you want to gain the favor of this blonde Diana, you'd better eat your spinach.

### PHILOMENA CARNEVALE

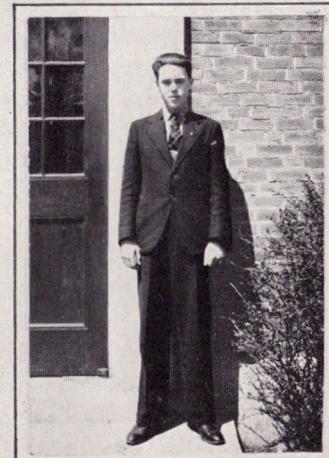
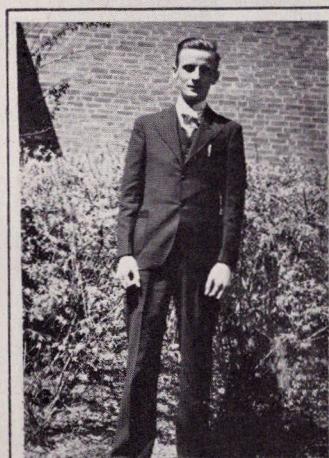
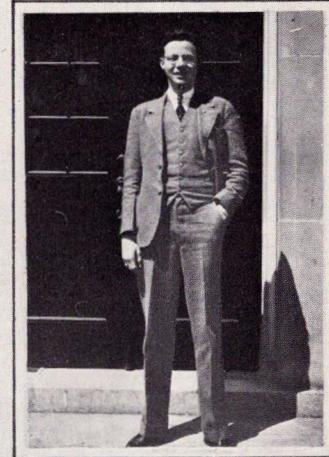
"Fifi" is a tiny person of vivid personality and warm, dark coloring. She is the vice president of the senior class; a member of the hockey, baseball, and basketball teams, and is interested in archery. She has just received a monogram, the highest award for girls in gym. She was in the cast of the recent senior play. Her worst habit, she says, is talking too much; she hates noisy sophomores! Her ambition is to be a nurse, and later to have a large family!

### ALEXANDER JARVIE

Alexander Jarvie, '37, has been in the band and orchestra for three years, and plays the trumpet in both. He is a member of THE STUDENT'S PEN Club, in which he is editor of the humor department. He is on both the Year Book and the Ring Committees for the June graduating class. Says he likes music, but hopes to be a chemical engineer.

### ROBERT LORD

Bob Lord is one of the most active boys in our school. He did a fine job as head cheerleader last year, is on the editorial staff of THE PEN, where he was humor editor last year, and now writes the school notes. He is an active member in the Debating Club, of which he is secretary, and is on the track squad. Bob's favorite pastime is not doing homework, and he is quite a magician when it comes to making banana splits disappear.



M.H.L.

# Meet Your Teachers...

Alexander Jarvie

Robert Thompson

## MR. HAROLD E. LYNCH

Haunt: 330  
Theme: Physics  
Great Accomplishment: \*see "American Government", old edition. Mr. L. looks well in a pistol, no?  
Famous Sayings:  
(1) "Seats!"  
(2) "Quiet! my long-eared friend, etc.,  
(3) "328!!!"  
(4) "So help me Hannah—!"  
Present Pastime: Exhibiting a most "shocking" behavior toward the boys studying electricity. (For reference, see F. Carpino).

## MISS ISABEL POWER

Haunt: 243  
Theme: English  
Great Accomplishment: Her poetry  
Famous Saying: "Has any one finished the 'A' assignment yet?" Silence.  
Present Pastime: Squelching the "Happiness Boys" during sixth period (Reusch and Terry beware!)

## MR. CHARLES SMITH

Haunt: 108  
Theme: Music  
Great Accomplishment: The clarinet player he trained never to be absent, never to forget said clarinet, and never to play out of turn. (No, Weisgarber, we don't mean you.)  
Famous Saying: Orchestra! Orchestra! Quiet!  
Second Ditto: Quiet, Band! Quiet!  
Third Also: Musicians! Quiet!  
—may we suggest use of the proverbial pin?  
Present Pastime: Same as the past ten years because of lack of new music.

## MISS MARGARET DAVISON

Haunt: 303  
Theme: Biology  
Great Accomplishment: Her utter nonchalance in facing, with destructive purpose, a somewhat embalmed frog.  
Famous Saying: "The next day's assignment will be . . ."  
Present Pastime: Can it be giving her pet skeleton its Saturday night bath?

## MR. JOHN T. CARMODY ("Coach" to you)

Haunt: Boy's gymnasium  
Topic: Use of his Haunt  
Great Accomplishment: "Tommy Sachetti."  
Ditto the Second: His new streamlined buggy.  
Famous Saying: "Get off the floor with those shoes?"  
Present Pastime: The track squad; and that's plenty of pastime for any one man.

## MR. THEODORE HERBERG

Haunt: 105  
Theme: Mathematics (all types)  
Great Accomplishment: His ability to translate his "dot system", even though handicapped by lack of half and quarter dots.  
Famous Saying: (We don't know what the words mean any way, so why write it?)  
Present Pastime: Attempting to make his students (?) believe his explanations of plus and minus infinity; also that a plane extends indefinitely. (We guess that's what happened to Mr. McKenna's soup the other day—he tried to set it on the projection of a table he couldn't reach.)

June, 1937

## I SAY, IF THEY WERE . . . !!

By Kathryn L. Krone

WE know them as teachers; but, if they were to take tomorrow the jobs for which we think they are best suited, what would they become? Let us leave the present and step across the threshold into the future, June 1940, where the dreams for our professors come true.

Having just heard the atmospheric conditions for the day predicted over the radio as "very fair" by the Morris Weather Bureau, we leave the Innis Inn for college boarders, and begin our walk down a quaint little street of a new village set in the heart of the Berkshires. Our destination is the New Carey Hotel where a banquet is being held in our honor. The town is named after the late Senator Edward J. McKenna who, it seems, succumbed from palpitation of the heart after having been defeated in his political speeches by the present mayor of McKennaville, Fraulein Kaliher.

On our way, we meet a most patriotic, public-spirited citizen, Miss Alice Downs, who asks us politely to deposit our lollipop wrappers in the provided rubbish receptacles instead of dropping them negligently on the street. While searching for the said rubbish cans, however, we bump into none other than Mr. Walter Reagan who, with a bag of groceries tucked safely under each arm, is definitely occupied with a vanilla ice-cream cone.

We stop a passer-by to ask him the location of Miss Ella J. Casey's gum factory. My word!! Our victim is Thomas Geary, who is rushing homeward to a platter of spaghetti and meat balls after spending the day flipping sundaes and vichy water at Sheridan's Soda Shoppe.

Glancing into a store window, we realize that the corporation is the Daley Furniture Company. (The owner received her training while at P. H. S. It seems that she was in the

habit of forcing naughty pupils to do tables for her!)

On the next corner, standing outside Mlle. Catherine Kennedy's dress shop, is John Joyce, vainly trying to show his public just what is to be found in a nut-shell. At the same time, we learn from him that M.-G.-M. now directed by the Misses Margaret Ward and Mary Kelly, has hired our James A. McKenna at \$50,000 a week, and he is rapidly placing Robert Taylor in the background, but he modestly insists that his success is due to his director, Mr. James A. Conroy. Charles Murphy has the delightful job of posing as the "Duke of Windsor". He informs us also, that Joe Ryan has sent Dizzy Dean in search of a new job. Connie McMahon, we understand, is chairman of a charity ball sponsored for the benefit of Miss Frances Murphy's orphan asylum for "little dears". A whiff of dirt blinds us for a second, and glancing upward, we see that Miss Helene Millet is cleaning house again (all closets included)! Mr. Joyce tells us that a block further on stands Herberg's High School run on the "octal" system instead of the usual "decimal", but that "Professor Quiz" himself has gone to Chicago where he is furthering the habits of bad little boys by teaching them how to flip pennies.

Around the corner is erected Harold Hennesy's Hopeful Hallucinatory Hall where horrible, haphazard human hair is hurriedly hustled in place on the humble hypochondriac's husky head. At present, he is trying to construct a new hair tonic which will produce, on the average head, the same famous waves that grace that honest Hennesy cranium.

Well! well! well! If it isn't Mr. James Meehan perched on a soap box across the street. And why? Why, of course; he's fer-

(Continued on Page 27)

## 'NOTHING ELSE MATTERS'

(Continued from Page 13)

you're going to stay right here. Besides, here she comes now. I wonder how she came out?"

"Darlings, we are now on East Street. Mr. Dickson, he's the owner of the place, has decided to buy all my preserves. So, now you'd better drive around to the south entrance."

"But Jane, you mean he's really bought them! How much is he going to pay you?"

"Two hundred dollars! And oh, Auntie, he said he'd buy any other homemade stuff we had and give us a good price for it, too."

"Now, what do you think of that?"

"And you know how much Uncle John wants that tractor, and you want that new stove. You can get them now. There's four or five times as much canned goods down in the cellar as we'll ever use. Sell Mr. Dickson some of it and use the money for what you want," rambled on Jane.

"She's right, Annie," broke in Uncle John, "why there's loads of canned corn, n' beans, n' carrots, n' peaches, n' pears, n' plums, not counting all the jellies and jams. And think of all the pickled beets n'relishes, n' pickles. Gosh Annie, we could keep on selling to Mr. Dickson for months and months."

"And with Jane in Chicago, there'd be only the two of us," said Aunt Annie wiping a tear as she thought of strangers eating her delicious foods.

Many a meeting was held in the dining room the next four weeks, for Mr. Dickson wanted to make sure that his manager kept his promise to Jane. Jane hadn't told her aunt and uncle that the manager of the restaurant had refused emphatically to buy any products from her. She didn't mention that Mr. Dickson, coming out of his private office, heard the manager's loud tones and insulting remarks, and had stepped in and told the manager that he would address a lady as such or he could find a new job. Naturally, the manager apologized, and Jane had come away with his promise to buy all the homemade preserves she had.

Both Aunt Annie and Uncle John were wondering why Mr. Dickson was taking such

## GOD'S SEARCHLIGHTS

By Dorothy Shelton

*The silvery puddles of moonlight  
Lay on the garden fair,  
As searchlights of God, they are guarding  
The flowers sleeping there.*

*Each with its pretty head drooping,  
Each with its petals closed tight,  
Like bright spots of color enfolded  
In the darkness of night.*

*But the searchlights of God keep vigilance;  
The flowers are safe as they rest  
Till the first rays of dawn come peeping,  
And the moon disappears in the west.*

an interest in them or rather in Jane. But, being wise, they said nothing to Jane who was going around these days with a glint of laughter in her blue eyes and a joyous lilt in her voice. Anyone could see Jane was happy.

About six months after their first trip to "The Old-Fashioned Meeting Place" Jane, her aunt and uncle, and David Dickson were gathered around the big table in the dining room. Jane had a bank book in her hand.

"Well, I've got it. I've got the five hundred dollars that I need to keep me until I find something to do in Chicago," said Jane looking fondly around the table.

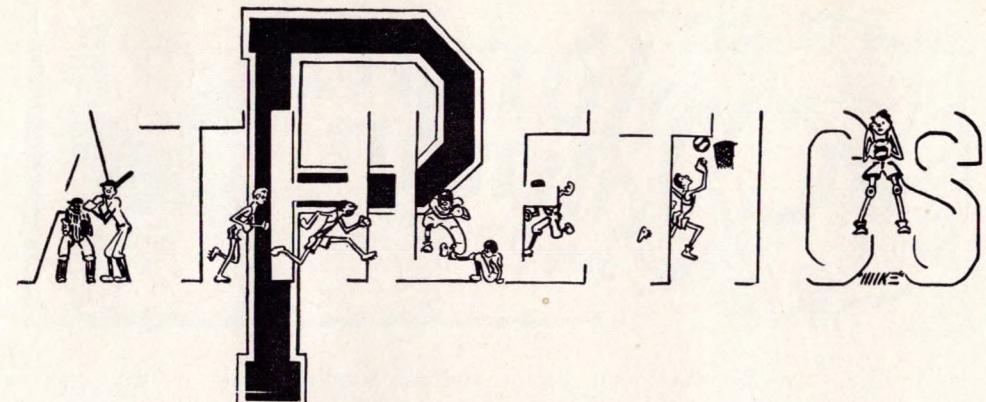
"And we've got the new tractor and the new stove," chorused the two that had been father and mother to Jane since she was ten years old.

"And don't forget," added Jane, "you've got a contract to supply all the food for David's restaurant."

"But I've got the best of all. I've got Jane. She's promised to marry me within a few months," cried David, unable to keep his good news to himself.

"It's true. I'm doing the same thing you did twenty years ago, Aunt Annie. I've met David and—well, nothing in Chicago seems important any more."

"I'm glad, dear. I only hope you'll be as happy as John and I are," said Aunt Annie, drawing Jane to her and smiling tremulously at David as he clasped John Hibbard's hand.



## BASEBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1937

May 12	Wednesday	Dalton	At Dalton
May 15	Saturday	Drury	At North Adams
May 19	Wednesday	Williamstown	At Williamstown
May 22	Saturday	Adams	At Adams
May 26	Wednesday	Bennington	At Home
May 30	Monday	St. Joseph (P)	At Home
June 4	Friday	Dalton	At Home
June 7	Monday	Drury	At Home
June 11	Friday	Williamstown	At Home
June 14	Monday	Adams	At Home
June 16	Wednesday	Bennington	At Bennington
June 19	Saturday	St. Joseph (P)	At Home

## TRACK OUTLOOK

This year Pittsfield High's track team will have more meets in one season than it ever has had in the past. Coach Carmody has had the boys out training every day that the weather permitted.

The schedule is as follows: A dual meet with one of the neighboring CCC camps on May 12; a dual meet with Greenfield at Greenfield, May 17; a dual meet with Drury at North Adams, May 22; the Western Massachusetts meet at Springfield, May 29; and the Berkshire County Championship meet at Williamstown June 5.

A large number of new boys will participate this year, many of them being sophomores. In the 100-yard dash we have two veterans, Cayburry and Volsky and a newcomer, Melle. Running the 220-yards will be Christopolis, Cayburry, Volsky, and Horton. Entrants in the 440-yards will be Betti, Miner, and Callahan. The half-mile has several new men, including Moynihan, Cul-

ver, Digrolium, and the veteran "Hank" Miller. The long run of one mile has such capable performers as Victoreen, Miller, Ryan, and Lascynski. The weight events will take considerable thought on the part of Coach Carmody as he has only one veteran, Volsky, on whom he can depend for regular scoring. Finally, however, they will probably shape up with Fields and Doug Balmer putting the shot as well as Volsky; Cooke, Cowan, and Magri will probably toss the discus; and the javelin throwers will be Best, Robarge, Shepard, and Yarvis. In the high jump will be the veteran Best with Backzewski, Carletti, and Hebert performing also. There will be but two entrants in the broad jump, Christopolis and Balmer. The hurdlers will probably be Shepard and Christopolis. The pole vault will be taken care of by LaCasse, Havener, and Gardner. These boys, most of them untried, will be out endeavoring to hold the championship won in 1936. We sincerely hope that they succeed in all of their aims.



## EXCHANGE COLUMN

## LITTLE SISTER

I have a younger sister, some five years less than I;  
The way she pesters me is enough to make me cry.  
At seven in the morning she bounces out of bed,  
And makes such frightful noises she nearly bursts my head.  
As I go down to breakfast and hasten through the door,  
She says, "Come on, you slow-poke," and does that make me sore!  
When I am telephoning, she asks me, "Who was that?"  
And if I will not tell her—"All right, old fussy cat."  
If I write in my diary, she always want to peep;  
So I have to leave it hidden until she goes to sleep.  
I see her very little from eight till after three  
The only part of every day in which I'm really free.

Purple Quill, Ball High School  
Galveston, Texas

## A FANCY

The moon and one star together  
High in the blue-black sky,  
The moon a silver eyebrow—  
The star a sparkling eye.

Girls' Latin School  
Boston, Mass.

## SWING

A melody crooned to the man in the moon,  
A lad and a lass and a swing-along tune;  
A lyric that's cleffed on the shadows of Mars;  
A rhythm that's played on the bars of the stars.

That's swing!  
Boston University  
Boston, Mass.

## TWO SHIPS

Away beyond the ocean bars,  
Where God is heaven and stars are stars,  
There wait two ships of destiny—  
A ship for you and a ship for me.  
One is silv'ry white and long  
With sails of woven angels' song;  
And one is golden, swift, and light  
Like sunset clouds at break of night.

Oh, God, guard every fragile bark  
Like these, and guide them through the dark,  
So, safely, when the morn is nigh  
And winds are fair and tides are high,  
Together they'll come sailing in  
To where the captains' hearts have been.

Girls' Latin School  
Boston, Mass.

## COMMENTS ON EXCHANGES

*The Purple Quill*—Your covers are very attractive, and your short stories and poems are entertaining. We enjoyed the feature "New Year's Day" especially.

*The Echo*—Your short stories and poems are exceptionally interesting and very well arranged. We believe the editors should be congratulated on an excellent magazine.

*The Searles Spectator*—The part of your paper we enjoyed most was the joke page. You have an excellent paper which gives us a fine idea of your school, especially of the sports side.

*The Jabberwock*—Your magazine is very interesting, particularly the short stories. Altogether we think your magazine has attained a very high standard.

*The Babu Sal*—We thought your magazine most interesting. The articles were well rounded and there was an excellent variety of topics.

June, 1937

27

T R Y A  
Wendell Hair Cut  
Wendell Barber Shop

West Street  
W. A. POMEROY

Dial 2-2936

## Jas. C. Drennan

Funeral Service

142 First Street

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 25

WORD CHANGING: 1. work, worD, wArd, Hard. 2. salt, saE, Bale, baTe, batH.

CRYPTOGRAM: It sets my heart a clickin like the tickin of a clock when the frost is on the punkin and the fodders in the shock.

—J. W. Riley.

WORD PUZZLE: i, it, tie, rite, inter, retain, certain, reaction, cremation, importance.

LETTER WRITING: "Have you any eggs?"  
"Yes, we have eggs."  
"Have you any ham?"  
"Yes, we have ham."  
"Okey, ham and eggs."

MATCHING TEST: Yellow and White, 4; Old Gold and Black, 7; Garnet, 6; Orange and Black, 5; Blue, 2; Maroon, 9; Olive and Blue, 8; Blue and Green, 10; Green, 3.

## I SAY, IF THEY WERE...!

(Continued from Page 21)

vently condemning William Randolph Hearst's chain of newspapers. Perhaps the "Town Topics" would be more to his taste! Miss Madeline Pfeiffer is the assistant editor on this newspaper staff; Mr. Milon J. Herick, the cartoonist; and Mr. W. D. Goodwin, the humor columnist. Miss Mildred Jordan's ability to see all "angles" to a "problem" has won for her the editorship of the Advice to the Lovelorn column. Her object is chiefly to help family "circles" by attempting to "square" things out, especially those eternal "triangles".

We arrive slightly late at the banquet, but in time, however, to hear the last of Mr. Leahy's speech on—"Where to fish for the best perch, pickerel, and trout in the Berkshires"—between phrases of which, he is polishing off the remains of a milk-fed turkey—which, by the way, came from the estate of the millionaire heiress, Miss Lillian A. Prediger.

TRY THIS ON OUR FRIENDS: Although most people will say one half a hole, there isn't such a thing, and the answer should be one hole of half the size.

NUMBER SQUARE:

1	2	5	3
5	3	4	1
4	1	2	5
2	5	3	4

PUNCTUATE THIS: Smith, where Jones had had "had had", had had "had." "Had had" had had the examiner's approval.

He was seated in her parlor,  
And he said unto the light:  
"Either you or I, old chappy,  
Will be turned down tonight."

Winter Haven High School  
Winter Haven, Fla.

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